

LOVING WHILE WE MAY



... BY ...

BEATRICE GLEN MOORE.



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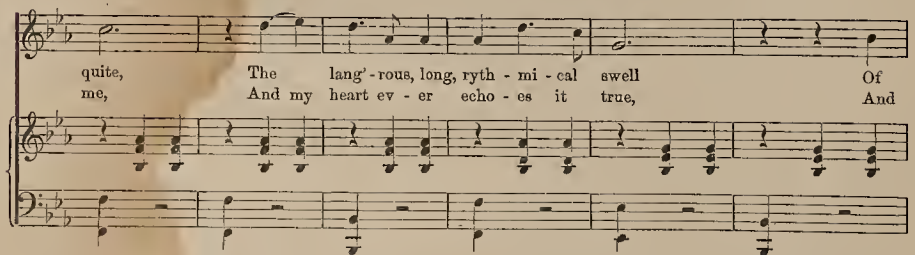
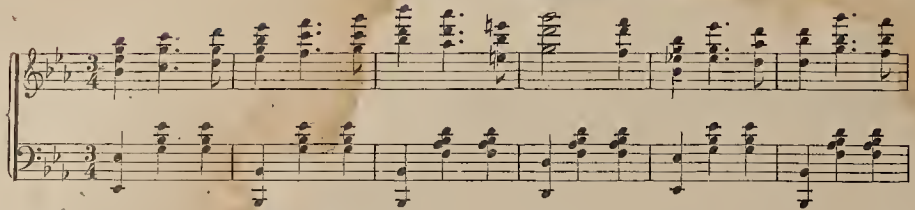


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*Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1895, by John H. Parker,
at the Department of Agriculture.*

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WORDS AND MUSIC BY BEATRICE GLEN MOORE.



dol.

The mu-sic a mo-ment did rest, Did soft-ly and
I am but a dream-er of dreams, A sing-er of

cres. *sf*

sob-bing-ly sigh; With glan-ces that shy-ly car-ress-ed, my
songs, and in sooth, A-bove all earth's gems my heart de-ems, my

f

love, We on-ward did float, you and I. The
love, The spring-time of Love and of youth! For,

con spirito

mu-sic res-pond-dant did wake, A pas-sion of sound and de-light;
Ah! the death-sleep is so long, The sha-dows so swift-ly are cast,

cres...... *dim.* *p*

A - las, and a - las for Love's sake, That Time is so
The love, life, the sigh-ing or song, Are soon but a

REFRAIN.
con brio.

swift in his flight! Glid - ing thro' the gloam -
breath of the past; Don't - you know that laugh -

dolce

ing Of the sum - mer fair, While the
ter, Tru - er rings than sighs? Who will

f

bree - zes roam - ing stirr'd your dus - ky hair;
mourn us af - ter Death has closed our eyes?

cres - - cen - - do.

Flow'rs their night queen greet - ed, With a glad sur -
 Let us laugh to - ge - ther, Lov - ing while we

con brio.

prise; As you past them fleet - ed, Your
 may, In the gold - en wea - ther Of

con amore. f con brio

eyes u - pon my eyes, As you past them
 our sweet youth's brief day, In the gold - en

f

fleet - ed, Your eyes, u - pon my eyes.
 wea - ther, Of our sweet youth's brief day.

f Fine

